

tMayas'.] ^{AND} *PARTHENOPHE*.
SONNETS, 393

SONNET XCI I I .



LOVE ! which "whilom was a deity ?
I list no such proud beggars at my
gate !
For alms, he, 'mongst cold Arctic folk
doth wait;
And sunburnt Moors, in contrariety:
Yet sweats* nor freezes more! Then is
it piety
To be remorseful at his bare estate!
His reach, he racketh at a higher rate.
He joins with proudest in society !
His eyes are blind, forsooth ! and men
must pity
A naked poor boy, which doth no man
harm!
He is not blind ! Such beggar boys be
witty! For he marks, hits, and wounds
hearts with his arm ;
Nor coldest North can stop his naked
race;
For where he comes, he warmeth every
place!

SONNET XC I V.



ORTH from mine eyes, with full tide,
flows a river; And in thine eyes, two
sparkling chrysolites. Mine eye, still
covel to behold those lights. Thine eye, still
filled with arrows, is LOVE'S Quiver! Through
mine eye, thine eyes' fire inflames my liver.
Mine eyes, in heart, thine eyes' clear fancies
write ; Thus is thine eye to me, my fancies
giver! Which from thine eyes, to mine eyes
take their flight. Then pierce the secret centre
of my heart; And feed my fancies with inflamed
fuel! This only grieves ! Mine eyes had not
that art Thine to transpierce * thy nature was
so cruel! But eyes and fancies, in this, triumph
make ; That they were blind and raging, for
her sake !